Dublin Likeness practice

Oct. 29, 1944

IN THE LIKENESS OF A TREE.

Ps. 1:3 He shall be like a tree.

We cut our vacation trip to the God's Parks.

The complaint of a member that she could not visit the places of which I spoke last Sunday. I shall again endeavor to take you into God's Out-of-doors, but where you all can go, right here in Vacaville, in your own yards.

The opening psalm sings the life-story of a man thus: And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoeever he doeth shall prosper.

What a wonderful thing a tree is! ~~The seed in Mother Earth's lap.~~

1. Think of how a tree grows!
   It feels out & finds out what it needs.
   It gathers food from the soil, and rokks.
   It drinks from stream and sky.
   It imprisons the sunshine and fashions it into garments green.
   It bows to the wind, bends to the storm, and blush blushes under the warm gaze of the ardent sun.
   Thru all this it grows tall and strong and lusty, spreading its branches to bless the earth and lifting its head to salute the heavens.

2. Think of how a tree serves! The birds coms and build their nests. Any bird may come- its gospel is "Whosoever will may come" Man or beast may come and rest uder its shadows. And when its fruit ripens, it says, "Come and eat".
   The tree lives to serve.

3. Think of how a tree suffers!
   It bares its head to the tempest. It must endure ~~endure~~ the the stuntings of ice and snow.
   When the ax of man strikes into its heart, it gives its life to feed man's fire, build his home and furnish it.

4. Think of how responsive and impressionable a tree is!
   It responds to the seasons.
   It stores up a record of all that it does and becomes
   It draws a circle around its heart for each year.
   It carries to its grave the kiss of every sunbeam,

the baptism of every raindrop, the caress of every zephyr, the stroke of every thunderbolt, and the scars made by the sword of the ice-king.

5. Think of how a tree binds the world together! Successive generations have the same tree for a friend. Father and mother plant a tree. Their children play under its branches. Ten the children's children play under the same tree. Long after those children have become great-great grandmothers and fathers the tree still stands.

If a tree could speak our language, what scenes it would describe, what tragedies relate, what romance it would unfold!

Yes, a tree is a wonderful thing. It takes God to grow trees. It takes Him a thousand years to grow some of them. And yet, what God has taken a thousand years to grow man can destroy in one hour! The awful waste of timber in this country.

But after all, our text is not the recital of the wonders of a tree, but rather, the wonders of a man. In terms of a tree the psalmist pleads for the preservation of that which is created in the image of God. More wonderful than a tree is the soul of man, personality.

That you may know just how wonderful man is, God seems to say to us, "Sit down under the trees and let them talk to you. Harken to the psalmist, 'He shall be like a tree'".

It is a glorious thing just to be like a tree. To have God awaken your soul and call you into being, into a world of light and song and sunshine, into God's great Out-of-doors.

1. It is glorious to grow as a tree grows. To reach out into thw world around you and take threfrom the things you need to build a soul; to find in earth beneath you, in thw world around you and in the sky above you just the right things with which to develop your character and personality into the likeness of your Maker, into Christ-likeness.

2. It is glorious to serve as a tree serves! To give freely to all whose need stops at your door. To give rest to the weary, to give peace to the troubled, to help others find their lost happiness,

To convert falling tears into dewdrops from heaven, to lead the thirsty to drink; to feed and succor and sustain until worn-outs of the world shine the light of heaven in their eyes.

3. It is a glorious thing to suffer as a tree suffers.
To take discipline without a murmur
To discover that pain is only a method of development
To be as happy in winter as in summer
To have faith that when the snows melt away the grass will again be green, the flowers will again bloom and the trees again bear fruit.

3. It is glorious to have the world-experience of a tree- to have the life of the race become a part of your life
To join in the laughter of the children,
To rejoice with them that rejoice and weep with them that weep
To take up the whole world to your heart in sympathy and love just like your Heavenly Father does.

The promise of our text is made conditional.
"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night."
This is the portrait of a man living in harmony wit with his Maker. He walks with God, he stands with God he sits with God. Apart from God no such harmony of being can be realized.

"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."
What kind of a tree?
There are trees that do not amount to much.
Dead rotting trees. There are men just like them- men of means, position and ability, rotting in vice and sin. They are like a tree, a dead tree whose glory is gone.
A man linked up to God is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, in living contact with the Source of life.
How splendid our trees look in spite of the dryness of the season. They trust God. Their daily prayer to God is, "Thy will be dome"
As much root under the ground as there is trunk and branches above the ground. The man who take a frim hold of the unseen God and reality is ecure.